


CORADDI



MAY, 1926

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
GREENSBORO, N. C.



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The Coraddi

MEMBER OF NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 30

1925-'26

NUMBER 4

Published by North Carolina College for Women

Subscription Rates Per Year \$1.50

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The Coraddi

May, 1926



"Don Quixote" And Life

Comedy; Tragedy

Idealism; Common Sense

Katherine Grantham '26

"Don Quixote" is, primarily, a book to be read. It may be criticized, discussed, studied, argued about, written about, but so may any million other books. The difference is that while the horribly innumerable others are good enough to be used for literary, critical essays, for moralizing, for university courses, for learned dissertations, they are not books to be read, and read lovingly. "Don Quixote," with precious few others, is. No doubt that Cervantes began the novel with the purpose of ousting the absurd books of chivalry from their popularity. But he was too vital a man to be obsessed long with a corrective idea. He continued the book, primarily because he had fun in doing it; and people have turned to it for generations because they have fun in reading it.

Obviously, then, it is not a book for the esoteric few who can read "Lycidas" any more than Shakespeare's plays were just for the nobles who sat on the stage. It is for any living person who by accident or design begins to read it. It can be started in the middle, or at the beginning. It can be read with pleasure after the wildest night-mare, or after the most disciplined mental exertion. A normal warty-fingered boy who joys in tying a tin can to a dog's tail, would laugh aloud when he reads how Sancho Panza is carried to the roof of an inn, and tossed up in a blanket; he would gleefully shout at the picture of Don Quixote, knocked down by hogs who run between his legs, and trampled upon by them, because he has often contemplated, and perhaps actually achieved the tripping up of an old gent himself!

There are those, of course, who are too sensitive to enjoy the tumbles of Don Quixote, to laugh when his squire vomits in his face, to shout when his teeth are knocked loose from his lantern jaws. Yet even they must laugh at Sancho's ingenious lying to save his own skin. Liars are almost always forgiven by humanity, if they are clever—and Sancho is never boring. When he is sent a few paces from his master to whip himself, in order that Dulcinea may be disenchanted, he unmercifully beats the trees and bushes.

The reader, let into the secret, roars with Sancho at the old knight, who is childishly satisfied at the sound of the whacks. Some readers may enjoy such scenes even more, from a feeling of conscious superiority. If they were in Don Quixote's place, they would not so easily be imposed upon, you may be sure! They would see behind Sancho's leering mask. If they felt liquid running from the helmet into their eyes and ears, they would not say, "My skull is growing soft, or else my brain is melting." They would see, at once, that Sancho had simply put curds and whey into the helmet!

To those of the more robust dispositions, Sancho furnishes most of the fun. He, with his proverbs for every occasion, his wit, his genius for showing up pretence, his ability to quote his master when he wants to be comfortable, declaring when urged to fight that a Christian must be able to bear offenses, his zest for food and drink, is a wholesome, normal creature who yet lacks the dullness of normality. He is a man of common sense, shrewd in his empirical judgments, and normally superstitious. He has never been bothered by fantastic desires, by illusions; he is too close to earth for that, and takes life as it comes. He shruggingly accepts facts and personalities, saying that "Every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse." He is ready for reverses of fortune, knowing, as he says, that many a "Man has gone to bed well, and waked up to find himself dead."

Because he has had no formal training, he furnishes fun for those who are amused at the Mrs. Malaprops of this world. He says involved for devolved, cricket for critic, and dissolve for resolve. And yet, he is the instrument for ridiculing these same formally-trained people. He gravely listened to a logician who loved the phrase, "post hoc, ergo propter hoc." Then he asked the scholar who was the first man that scratched his head.

"Scratched his head?" the scholar asked.

"Ay, sir," quoth Sancho. "Sure you who know

all things, can tell me that or the devil is in it! What think you of old father Adam?"

"Old father Adam—let me see. Father Adam had a head, he had hair, he had hands, and he could scratch. But father Adam was the first man: ergo, father Adam was the first man that scratched his head. It is plain that you are right."

Sancho as effectively ridiculed a gushing lady who addressed his master. She said, "Before the rehearsal of my ineffable misfortunes into, I will not say your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earnestly request that I may have cognizance, whether the choir of this most illustrissimus appearance be not adorned with the presence of the adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimus."

Sancho replied, "Panza is at your elbowissimus, and Don Quixottissimus likewise, therefore most dolerous medem, you may tell your teale, for we all are ready to be your ladyships servitorissimus."

That passage could have inspired Moliere for his "Les Precieux Ridicules."

Yet Don Quixote spoke truly of his squire, when he said "He doubts of everything, yet believes everything." He was credulous as any inherently clever person is credulous of that which he has not experienced. He loved animal comforts too much to be idealistic. His master could keep vigils at night, and could fast. He was going to eat and sleep, himself! When the two came upon a bag of gold and a letter in the field, his master could waste his time in wondering who wrote the letter; he made himself owner of the gold! He was like his grandmother who had a great "kindness for the family of the Have-Much in this world."

He cared nothing for the governorship of his island where ministers were so careful of the governor's health, and made so much ado over his diet that he got little food. He loved pullets and beef, drink and sleep.

Contrasting with Sancho Panza is the knight of the woeful figure. He is mad as a genius is mad, "carried along on the stream of his fatality," possessed with an exalted idea of serving humanity as only a leader is possessed. A demonic urge sends him into the world to right wrong, live pure, and obey his conscience as his king.

Essentially, he is a comic figure, provoking from the mature that which the comic spirit, according to George Meredith, ever provokes—"thoughtful laughter"—the laughter "of reason refreshed."

He, grave and self-contained as all egoists, takes himself with absolute seriousness, almost with solemnity. With that myth-making faculty which mankind has so developed, he makes of himself—a lean ugly bachelor of fifty years—a brave knight-errant; of pasteboard, he makes a strong helmet; of his knock-

kneed mare, a prancing steed, of an ugly sensual wench, a peerless, chaste lady-love.

Now argument never overcomes the errors of the egoist, and adverse experience only confirms their preconceptions. They are given up to a habit of rationalizing, of pushing all things under their theories, and of always justifying themselves in their failures. Don Quixote is above all an egoist. As an insolent Spaniard said "It was striving against the stream to give him advice." Truly, Don Quixote was as determined to see all in the light of chivalry, as a modern Freudian psychoanalyst is determined to see all in the light of sex. A wind mill was for him a giant to be overthrown; an inn, a castle; a flock of sheep, an invading army; a puppet show, real people in distress; fulling-mills, enemies; an ugly hump-back, public bawd who stumbles over his pallet in the darkness, a beautiful maiden who wishes him to forsake Dulcinea and his purity. He, arch-egoist, sees what he wants to see. And always he can account for his mishaps; he can rejoice, egoistically, "I am different from other knights. I can not be enchanted, yet all connected with me is."

What is uncomplimentary to his egoism, he rejects. With clear eyes, he saw that the girl whom Sancho leads to him for Dulcinea, was a plain country wench, blubber-cheeked, flat-nosed, with a breath so strong with garlic that it almost threw him into convulsions. Well, what of it? That fact was easily explained. Obviously, his Dulcinea had been bewitched. If he fails in an attack, he says to himself, "I ought to have drawn my sword against a company of fellows, upon whom the honor of knighthood was never conferred; and I do not doubt but that the Lord of hosts suffered this punishment to befall me, for transgressing the laws of chivalry." If he can find no excuse for his failure, he finds consolation in the thought, "These magicians may rob me of my success, but never of my invincible greatness of mind." He never perceives the incongruity between his ideal and reality, between his aims and his accomplishments. He goes as blithely on his way as Benjamin Franklin, or as Edward Bok, writes his autobiography, unconscious of the absurdity in priding himself on his deed. He can not see how funny he is, when he asks the murderers to take the chains he has just freed them of, to his Dulcinea. He can not see how ridiculous he was when he threw a stone at a madman who questioned the morality of a lady living only in a story.

Tragedy comes into the story, when he is made to realize that he is a comic character. We could only laugh at him before. We begin to love him, when we who have been having such sport at his expense, see

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"As Governor of North Carolina—"

Blanche Armfield '27

It was a cold afternoon and the late contact with the chilly outside air made the group of men around the wide stone fireplace at the country club agreeably conscious of the warmth within. Gradually soothed by the heat from the open fire they lapsed into that pleasant drowsiness conducive to light conversation.

The afternoon's game of golf had been agreeable to all of the company. True, the visitor, a young man of about thirty-five who hailed from eastern Carolina, had beaten the city men badly, but then he was such a likeable sort of fellow that no one could resent the defeat. His comradely air, ready smile, and the quick response of his interest to the most casual remark had won even the club champions, who were usually jealous of their reputations and intolerant of rivalry, to a more than passive liking for him. There seemed to be no subject upon which he could not converse and no conversation to which he could not contribute. His voice, smooth and pleasant, yet had in its cadence that undercurrent of magnetic power, possessed only by the cultured, which draws the attention of an audience and adds interest to the slightest remark. He was interested in life and interested others in it. So when he offered to tell a story on a subject of unusual interest the suggestion met with ready assent.

His host during his stay in the city, a somewhat older man, had just glanced up from the evening paper with an air of slight vexation.

"Here is something which has always puzzled me," he said, "and I wish that somebody could explain it. It's the quotation that you see in the newspapers every once in a while—"As the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina, 'It's a long time between drinks.' I've often seen it and I'd like to know how it first started."

"I don't remember seeing it," remarked one of the younger men who was sprawling in a comfortable chair near the corner of the chimney. "How do they use it?"

"Oh, the newspapers always use it as some peculiarly appropriate remark or as a jest. But I've sometimes heard people say it when they meet each other after a long absence."

"It must be some sort of tradition," suggested one of the other men indifferently.

The visitor spoke, a little slowly, as if calling to memory a pleasing recollection. "Yes, it is. I know the story. I heard it a long time ago."

"Tell it," eagerly said the lazy young man, who was romantically inclined and scented a story of in-

terest when he saw a gently reminiscent smile play across the face of the visitor.

"I will on one condition. I can't mention any names, because—well, the people were too prominent and are too well remembered, though it happened a good many years ago. Would you really like to hear it?"

At the interested affirmative which came from the group he moved his chair a little nearer the fire.

"It isn't much of a story," he began, settling himself comfortably. "It's more a sort of drama which took place in two acts under seemingly unrelated circumstances. Only old Sam knew the story, because only he knew the facts which linked those circumstances. He told me the story some years before he died—several times, in fact, for in his latter days he lived largely in the past and loved to tell his old stories of the white folks.

"It was not long after the war; how long, I can't tell you, because the characters were so prominent that you could easily discover their identity. Sam was a servant in my grandfather's house; he was just a boy, and as he did most of the odd jobs about the house, he learned a good deal about the personal characters and private life of the family. They led gay lives in those times. I guess that even now if the old slaves would tell all they knew a good many skeletons would be dragged from closets. My grandfather was a prominent man socially, very hospitable, and entertained a great deal. His children were in their teens and had young people from all over the South as visitors at the old house which was the scene of a good many parties and balls.

"It was during one of these house parties at my grandfather's home that the first act of the drama took place. A ball in honor of the visitors was just over. It had been a great success; the young lady from Virginia in whose honor it was given had made a conquest of the heart of nearly every man who attended the affair. She was at that time, in fact, toasted throughout the South for her beauty, and she might have been toasted for her strength of mind as well, as you shall—

"No, I can't tell her name," he said with a resolute smile to the sentimental young man who sank back in his chair, disappointed.

"As I said, the guests had just departed. Sam didn't like late hours any more than most negroes and he had been worked so hard all day getting things in readiness for the ball that he was tired out. He had gone into one of the rooms not used for the affair to get

a rest, hoping that they could not find him if they wanted him for any extra work, and had dropped off to sleep on the floor. Aroused by some noise, he woke up to see two of the young men visiting at the house leaning against the table in the center of the room as they conversed. They were discussing the ball, the dancing, and the people whom they had met, particularly the girls. One of them poured out wine into two tall goblets and proposed a toast.

"To the girl I am going to marry," he cried excitedly.

"Whom?" the other asked.

"Miss——," he answered, swelling up like a young rooster as he named the young lady from Virginia.

"No, you are not," the other declared, flushed with the wine he had drunk during the evening.

"Yes, I am."

"No, you shall not! I am going to marry Miss—— myself."

"The door had opened and the lady in question had walked in. She had made no sound as she had moved across the carpeted floor, and the young men had not seen her until she stood in front of them.

"Jove, but the picture is vivid! the candles burning low and giving a mellow glow to the old furniture, Sam's eyes rolling until only the whites showed, and the wine dashing a little and sparkling in the glasses as the table was shaken by the hasty, backward movement of the disconcerted young men. But best of all was the young lady. She must have looked very tall and straight and superb in her evening gown as she confronted the young men, her black hair gleaming and her blue eyes steely.

"I have no intention whatever of marrying either of you," she said quietly and icily, turned on her heel and left the room.

"Of all the young gallants in the South they were probably the most discomfited at that moment," the narrator continued, chuckling a little. They gave one look at each other, blushed a fiery red, seized their glasses, and gulped down the wine. Then they poured out more and quickly finished that. Sam was so startled by the incident and so completely awaked that he slipped from the room while they were still engaged

in drowning their sorrows. When he came back, he told me, they had drunk so much that he could not get them to their rooms and had to leave them to spend the night on the floor.

The speaker moved and tried a more comfortable position.

"It was a number of years later that the second act of the drama occurred," he continued. "The scene was again my grandfather's house where Sam had risen to the position of butler. Old Sam was proud of that position," he added with his reminiscent smile.

"My grandfather still entertained a great deal, but now that his children were grown, visitors at the house were principally his own friends, Southern statesmen. One day he gave a dinner, the occasion of an important, though more or less informal, conference on some inter-state affair between the governors of North and South Carolina. The gentlemen walked into the dining-room and took their places at the table. Sam poured out the wine and the governor of North Carolina rose to propose a toast. It was his first meeting with the rival of his youth since that memorial night; the setting and the sparkling wine recalled it to him vividly. His sense of humor had developed with age and he was equal to the occasion.

"Well, gentlemen," he drawled slowly, lifting his glass and looking pointedly and humorously at the governor of South Carolina, "we meet at last, but it's a long time between drinks."

"The governor of South Carolina blushed, Sam declared, and swallowed his wine as hastily as he had done on that other occasion. The gentlemen, quick of perception, sensed the spirit of wit in which the remark was made and caught the look of embarrassment with which it was received. It has been handed down from that time as a peculiarly witty remark, apt for every occasion, and the newspapers always use it in reference to any meeting of the governors of North and South Carolina."

"But what became of the lady?" asked the romantic young man, rising from his chair with the rest of the group.

"Oh, she married and lived happily ever after," the visitor answered, smiling over his shoulder as he walked out beside his host.

He mixed new pigments to work with
For grass of a pleasanter shade.
And seizing a sculptor's chisel.
Great slashes of dogwood he made.

Nancy Little '27.

EDITORIALS

"New Shoes"

"But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority."

Does the assumption of an office necessarily change the nature of a person? Admittedly, it is a strategic situation in which the newly elected finds himself. The realization of one's position, no matter how lofty it may seem, is always pathetic. What is it that forces public sentiment to relentlessly bear down upon the few? Or why are some people discontent to be one of the mass? Are they oblivious of the fact that in gaining a vantage point to view the strings working their fellow puppets is to be lifted to an unstable, uncompanionable sphere?

The process is not totally different from that of purchasing new shoes. With the non-chalant air of a vagabond, m'lady enters the house of merchandise and momentarily becomes the slave of the salesman. Could the inscrutable smile on his face be interpreted, perhaps the subtlety, the cynicism, and the knowledge exposed would counteract his platitudes of salesmanship. As he craftily slips the frail slipper onto the extended foot he is thinking of another pair of dainty feet he so recently fitted in this identical pattern. How chic they were on that customer; she wore them much better than m'lady. An agreeable, "Yes, Madame, the last is not too long," and then a self-conscious stroll before a panelled mirror. A rather uncertain strut it is up that velvet carpeted aisle, for Paris has demanded slender heels this season!

Strange how dependent we are upon one another's approval. The little steps we take quite naturally, lead us into dazzling paths, and we turn beseechingly extending an urgent hand to those who heretofore have walked abreast of us, but who now seem to have unaccountably dragged behind. Before we turned from the highway we were not conscious of holding a comrade's hand. Queer that the merits which mark us seem insufficient to sustain us after we have attained a goal. Is there no one to sanction the purchase of m'lady?

There are those, of course, who in eagerness pay for their shoes before they try them on. The price is often higher than the purchase warrants, but what of that? M'lord, the gentilhomme, has a shiny pair of new shoes in which to walk a while. What matters it that his path leads across bridges made of the hopes of lesser men?

But, M'lady! Does she still stand before the

crystal mirror? Will she kindly step just over here while mademoiselle glances at her silver shod feet?

Editorials of a College Magazine could easily be trite. We write as occasion demands, but the fundamental problems remain the same, and recur over and over again. Only in the type of instance in which they recur, and in the individual treatment of the editors do they escape the criticism of "repetition"—"obviousness."

After mass meeting of the student body just recently, we felt that the old question of tolerance would certainly appear again in the editorial column of our newspaper and magazine—and it has. Few of us realized until then just how serious this growing problem is. Tolerance is expected on a college campus, looked for. If it is not to be found there, where shall we find it?

A girl was heard to remark after a question had been voted upon and carried by the I's: "Good the I's got it. But I can't see why in the world those others voted for no." And a girl in front of her turned around and remarked quietly: "Perhaps THEY can't understand why we voted with the I's." And the first girl looked angry, and the second looked exasperated—And herein lie the two phases of our oft recurring problem of tolerance. The first girl was intolerant, and the second was intolerant toward the intolerance of the first. These two girls are representative types of thinking on the campus, we believe. There is a third class, perhaps, who are trying to be tolerant toward intolerance. It is good to believe that there is such a class at any rate.

We grow only as we are tolerant. It is not enough to realize differences in opinion, but to appreciate them. Our ideas, our attitudes, our temporary solutions for problems, are part of us, and the other girl's thinking is just as much a part of her. To change them one must change the laws of heredity and environment.

Neither adverse criticism nor persuasion can ever do it. Just as we see beauty in people and make it our own, even though that beauty is bound up by its own unchangeable laws, we can appreciate diversity of thought, and the more we can appreciate, greater is our capacity for appreciation.

We do not make this appeal for tolerance to the students as a body, but to each student as an individual. Surely when we shall have grown in tolerance, we shall be living principles of unselfishness and magnanimity that are truly Christlike.

Disturbing Feature of a Pleasant Illness

Julia Blauvelt '26.

There are certain kinds of illness of which I would be quite fond, were it not for one phase; one mere but important feature. Of course, we bar immediately from the list of illnesses to be enjoyed all in which there is a pain—that is, a real bona fide ache—not a semi-comfortable algia. Pain is disconcerting. It disturbs ones thoughts and yet prevents emphatically a completely thoughtless state. Next we dismiss these very slight indispositions in which one meditates on death, probes immortality and composes epitaphs. However valuable and spiritual such thoughts may be, they are not sufficiently alluring to make one desire to spend several days in bed threading their ramifications. Neither would I consider pleasant the state of the person who is really seriously ill. He is too weak to care, and, more important still, he is so frequently denied the pleasure of subsequent reminiscence on the illness. Angels, I gather, refuse to reflect on the shuffling off of their mortal coils. It is considered *passe*.

At any rate, I maintain that there is a type of illness which would be actively desirable were it not for—, but that doesn't come next. There is an intermediate condition between the extremes of those I have so ruthlessly discarded. You are tired, if you are fortunate enough to be able to succumb to it—blissfully tired. You have a pleasant sense of being drugged without accompanying moral pangs. Your head hurts. (This seems unfortunate, but you must put up with it.) It really feels fairly comfortable when you are still. And, frankly, you need its friendly pain, when you change your position, to assure you that you are justified in having gone to bed. Otherwise, you might suspect yourself of being lazy. Still, all is not complete until some kind being takes your temperature and announces, "It's a good thing you went to bed, you have a degree and a half of fever."

Now and only now may you sink into absolute comfort of mind and of body.

You do not think. You are too tired. You might worry, but you can't retain the thought that has the bothersome concomitant. Desultory bits of poetry flow through your mind, double on each other and ooze away. You feel the rhythms; the words do not exist, or else they are as Greek, or if you happen to be a Greek scholar, Arabic to you. You repeat the names of your friends to yourself. They register only a snug feeling of well being. You pull the covers closer. From time to time, you ask for water to assure yourself that the family is sufficiently conscious of your suffering. You are just exhausted enough to be a bit irritated and a bit pleased, when anyone enters the

room and a bit irritated and a bit pleased when no one is in the room. You gaze at your favorite books placed by your bed, but you do not read them. You look lovingly at their covers. You congratulate yourself on being one who has a nice discrimination in literature. You lapse again into listless euphoria.

Finally someone brings you a tray. This will be sure to delight you. But if you are wise, you will perhaps smile a bit ironically as you succumb to the succulent toast and aromatic coffee. For, if you are experienced, you will know that the beginning of the end is upon you. You beam languidly, scrunch your toast and endeavor to appear weak while really feeling so. At last, when you have consumed about two-thirds as much as you want, you motion, with a tired gesture, for someone to remove your tray. (A sick person simply doesn't have an appetite.)

But ah—another element has entered into your erst-while demi-paradise. The serpent in Eden, the fly in the ointment are established—accepted. But these, oh reader, are merely child's play in analogy, useless and outworn symbols. They fall silently away before the majestic discomfort of the crumb in the bed. Yes, there need only be one. In point of fact, there are usually dozens, nay—scores. And they have an undenied omnipresence. You move gingerly backward and forward. You twist, you writhe; and finally, quite ignominiously; you squirm. Solicitous tones penetrate your misery.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?"

With a righteous indignation you hurl a violent, "No!"

The accompanying urge to secrecy is probably the most discomforting feature of this experience; for no suffering is ever pleasant unless shared. It is baffling; yet you feel no inclination to pour the difficulty into sympathetic ears. You feel that there are none.

For there is nothing heroic in suffering the tortures of errant crumbs in the flesh. There is nothing of martyrdom in enduring their crispy onslaughts. There is nothing even appealing in your helpless struggle with their superior forces. You are merely convicted of awkwardness—helplessly and unanimously convicted. Yet admission of this to yourself fails to remove the distress.

Your nerves become irretrievably unstrung in repeating attempts to jump out of bed, brush away crumbs and be again in bed feigning sleep before the next kindly person appears. Even this is useless. The

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Inevitable

Fadean Pleasants

"Goodness knows I don't know what I've ever done to have such a girl like her. She just worries me to death, and there's no use trying to tell her anything. That preacher certainly was right. You went to hear him that night he preached about the parents sins being visited on them through their children didn't you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Blane's answer, given after a moment's hesitation, asked a question that troubled her. Was Mrs. Morris trying to bring it home to her in this indirect manner, that her own sins had been unburied through the conduct of her sons? No, Mrs. Morris had forgotten probably, anyway, she settled back with evident relief, and her rocking continued—heavy and regular for so slight a figure.

"Lord knows I have tried, and I've done everything I could do. There are a lot of mothers that wouldn't work like I do to send her to school."

"That's just what's the matter with all the young folks!" Mrs. Blane interrupted. You ought never to have sent her up there anyway. They don't get nothing but nonsense in their heads out of these colleges." Mrs. Blane consoled herself with the thought. She could well afford to. Her three sons had never had enough sense nor restlessness to finish High School. It did not matter that she could not see why she worried (Anne was smart in her books, and pretty, and taught a Sunday School Class when she was at home, she reflected, and was such a sweet girl,)—but there was a reason, and she was glad.

"She certainly didn't get all this foolishness from me—and her father Pardon"—Mrs. Morris broke off in the midst of her sentence, remembering perhaps that Mrs. Blane never understood anything, or the old sadness had come back suddenly with the mention of the girl's father. At any rate she didn't go on. She wondered, instead, why she had said even this much to the shriveled-up, narrow-minded, pathetically-ignorant Mrs. Blane. They had never agreed on anything. Mrs. Morris would always hold it against her that she was glad when Dr. Payton left their church to go to Washington. Mrs. Stephens across the street hadn't liked him either. He read poetry they couldn't understand. He didn't preach about hell. Anne liked him, Mrs. Morris thought. She was suddenly aware again, of Mrs. Blane, little and dusk-covered, waiting for her to finish her sentence. She thought of another ending.

"I reckon—Anne will be coming by in a few minutes. I think I'll just sit here on your porch and wait, if you don't want to go somewhere I'm sorter lonesome at home tonight."

"No, we ain't going off nowhere. Will took the dogs off in the car. Where's Anne gone?"

"Walking,—by herself. She always goes out about this time of night—before it gets real dark. She's going back to school Friday. I reckon miss her when she leaves."

* * * * *

Anne walked down the avenue to the foot of the hill, and back again. She would have to change her street soon, for the warmth of the spring night had brought the people outside, on the lawns and porches and they would be thinking it strange that she walked six times down the hill and six times back again by herself always. Mother hated what people would think—and so she would go down Gatewood when she came up again. There was a light wind that strengthened itself and met her as she came slowly up the hill. It blew in her hair on her upturned face, through her fingers. For the moment, she was no longer tired. Just as one who has smiled for a long time, and is free at last to take the smile off and let her face resume its normal expression, she felt relaxation come. The wind died as she turned down Gatewood.

The holidays had been bitterly disappointing. She looked forward to them, lived through them, to going back to school with a better understanding of her mother and a week's rest. She told herself that she had been silly to hope for so much. She had forgotten entirely, as she planned the days at home to change the atmospheric surroundings, as it were. She had used her college freedom, the tolerance and understanding of her friends there, to furnish the background for the week at home. Yes, it was foolish, now as she reflected—absolutely silly. She knew it the first night she came home.

Her mother had planned to go to Prayer meeting and she had gone with her. During the short business meeting which preceded the service, it was announced that Mrs. so-and-so wished to secure her letter, and join the M-e Church. The man evidently felt some hesitancy about using the whole word Methodist in the Baptist Church—with the new preacher there, too! Brother Tyrel—(known for his wife's diamonds, and his own docility until business meetings of the Baptist came along, arose without hesitation and moved that the Church "withdraw fellowship with her." Anne had forced herself to sit quietly violating something inside, until another man, younger and thinking along less conservative lines said that he did not like that term, and moved instead that her name be dropped from the Church roll. She had spoken then agreeing with him, but her Mother's look and her pinch, had

silenced her. She had tried to explain on the way home, but her Mother, ashamed and exasperated, would not listen!

"You don't know anything about it, Anne, so shut right up, and don't ever let anybody hear you say those things, about not having denominations. You don't know what you're talking about, of course you don't!"

And Anne had a little of the same feeling that she had experienced at school when she was told that she was in the "lyric age," and would get over it as she grew older, or when the doctor at the infirmary had advised a study of medicine for questions and pains that never end.

She could not talk with her Mother about anything except dresses, and other like subjects of superdiciality. The minute she was sincere, showed her own self at all, they were on dangerous ground. She felt somehow as if she had left her real self at school, and only, at night in the lonely walks did she re-find herself. All the problems, the questions, came back quickly in her mind to the melody of Schubert's Letany about which such precious associations had grown up in the last two or three weeks. She could not think clearly; even a month ago her brain had behaved in comparatively orderly fashion. She did not want the thoughts catalogued, the unanswered questions in little brain pigeon-holes. That would mean finality, just as her Mother's wish "that she would get over all this and learn how to adjust herself to people and conditions implied a foresaking finality that haunted her.

She was passing Mary's then, but Mary was abroad and even if she had been there, Anne wouldn't have stopped. They had grown apart, and were nearer with the sea between them, than they would be walking

there together. And other questions added themselves to the wild dances of the Letany whose every note she lived and yet, could never hum a measure.

She reached the corner about which she had played hide-and-seek after supper in those far off days before this chiaroscuro of a life began. Other children played there now. She waited a few minutes, before turning down her own street. In two minutes now she would be back again, and there must be talk, and a smile, or trouble.

Her mother and Mrs. Blane were waiting. Mrs. Blane's dress gleamed whitely in the night, and her mother's low voice came to her from the porch.

"Hello! Ready to go home, Mother?"

"There's no use in hurrying, Mrs. Morris. Will hasn't come yet and he never keeps the dogs out late, and then laughing, Anne, I reckon you going to write that daily letter.

"No, they aren't daily anymore, Mrs. Blane. Come Mother, we'd better say "goodnight."

* * * * *

It was good to be there in that little blue and white kitchen with the stillness and sun coming lightly in through the tall window of the Sabbath morning. The cherry trees were in bloom, "wearing white for Eastertide" and there were starlings on the grass. Anne looked across the narrow breakfast table at her Mother. She was very near; she could have touched her easily. And they were very much alike, she thought. There was in the grey eyes of the Mother, a softness, a fire, that gave her own brown eyes their lovely light; and the dark lashes were the same, except that her own were

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An April Thought

The soft spring rain of April
Beats the petals from the apple tree,
So Time beats the minutes, days, the years
Of my life away from me.

I cannot hear them falling,
I can only see
Them dead and forgotten
At the foot of the tree.

I cannot see the minutes
As they part from me,
I can only feel the joy or pain
Of their memory.

Frieda Landon '28.

POETRY PAGE

Dance Song

Clothe me only, from throat to knee
In soft and flowing silk;
Take hat and shoes and set me free
From changing fashions—from throat to knee
Only a silken robe—,
And let me run when I choose to run
And leap and dance in the rain or the sun,
Clothed only in soft and flowing silk
Clinging to me from throat to knee.

Kate C. Hall '26.

Sunlight and Shadow

"I am the sunlight—"
"And I'm the shadow."
"You fleck my golden
In this green meadow."

"You light my darkness
In sunny weather."
"What lovely patterns
We make together!"

Blanche Armfield '27.

Incense

Glowing, fragrant sandalwood,
Your span of life is only slightly
Shorter than Mine;
But look how lightly
Your drifting smoke takes leave
Of its deeply carved cup,
Curling in fantastic spirals
Moving ever up.
Would that my end came
As easily for me
As your quiet languid drifting
Into the ether of infinity.

Frieda Landon '28.

A Little Melody

A little melody came back to me
Out of forgotten nights and fainter days,
A melody that used to catch my throat
And bring before my eyes a stinging haze.
But now it's lost its little charm;
I laugh at sentiment and memory's claim
For I have learned a gayer tune
To which I sing my new love's name.

Bertie R. Craig '26

To Forget

I have made of a dream some fragrant wood
To burn tonight in the flame of my desire,
Weaving of the rainbow colors, courage,
And of the soft crackle, a song,
So when the last curl of smoke has sighed out
I may rise, laugh, and dance to a cold moon.

Martha H. Hall '28.

I want this one last hour with you.
—What a pitiful thing to ask;
A reveller hiding a grief torn face
Under a bold clown's mask.
I want the exquisite torture,
I want the magnificent pain,
To harbor the racking memory
Of having you with me again.

Nancy Little '27.

On The Dance

Elizabeth Morisey '26

Plato says that the Dance was developed among men under the direct guidance of the gods; certain it is that from countless legends and myths we read that the first dances known to mankind probably constituted some phase of worship to the various gods; the Cretan chorus, moving in measured pace sang hymns to the Greek god, Apollo; the Phrygian Coryliantes danced in honor of Rhea to drum and cymbal and one of the Muses (Terpsichore) was the especial patroness of the art.

In the sacred dances of ancient Greece we may trace the whole dramatic art of the modern world. That old philosopher and discerner of logos, Aristotle, ranked dancing with poetry and Pindar applies the name of dancer to Apollo. These early Grecian dances were characterized by beauty and symmetry of form, line, and proportion; a specific, clearly defined purpose lay behind each movement, and each gesture and pose had its meaning and special significance through which the dancers interpreted the entire gamut of human emotion—sorrow, jazz, hate, love.

We read that the old Greek and Roman soldiers, even, studied the art of dancing for the ancients reasoned that mere strength alone was insufficient for the expert warrior, but a certain alertness which could be obtained through the dance was a necessary part of his physical equipment. Thus Socrates says in his poem:

"Those who in worship of the dance the gods obey
They when the battle comes are foremost in the fray."

Today, in the most civilized strata of human society the dance has come to be only a mere frivolous amusement with no high signification whatever. Any onlooker at a modern ballroom scene could most certainly, even by closest scrutiny and a most vivid imagination playing upon the underlying motives of the dancers on the packed, seething floor,—not find any expression or movement which he could say contained in it any high resolve or noble purpose.

So Aristophanes remarks:—

"Once on a time we dancers had a fair and noble sight,
Today like stacks our actors stand, and bawl with all
their might."

No! the modern dance is a dance of pleasure, of freedom, perhaps the nearest approach to any antique expression of exultation being in the wild exultation displayed;—in fact it is a rare dance where we do not see the majority of dancers seemingly express this emotion.

The 20th century dance has a certain grace of movement but who can not readily see that the vari-

ous steps are only conventional gymnastic forms, leaving but little scope for initiative, intelligence, or invention? The modern couple on the dance floor,—be it the highly polished one of the ballroom or the sandy, rough one of the cheap cabaret,—has not an idea concerning any thought they wish to coming through their dancing; their only mood is one of gay abandon. Yet—could an observer fail to note that the most remarkable feature of the new ballroom dances, such as the "Tango," "Boston," "Charleston," is that the personality of the dancer's clearly reflected by the steps they use—quite opposed to the dancers of an earlier generation!

Our Puritan ancestors agonously condemned the practice of dancing; slightly less with action but quite as vehemently with words do some of our so-called "good people" today frown upon the art. This may probably be accounted for in each of these widely divergent generations by the same principle:—economic pressure and personal interests greatly influence both individual and group morality." The early Puritan had much hard work to do in a wilderness country; he naturally opposed time being wasted in dancing which should be devoted to the interests of the settlement. So today, the people most opposed to dancing do not or cannot dance because of certain personal interests—either a lack of time, money or group sanction.

The dance of today certainly seems to be indulged in merely for the pleasure of the participants. Its present form is more in the nature of a strenuous gymnastic exercise than anything else, especially so when one thinks of such dances as the "Boston," during the first of the century, and the "Charleston" of the present moment. Both of these were fore-doomed to remain in popular favor but a short while, for their violent nature rendered them unfit to be indulged in by more than two or three couples at a time both because of congestion on floor and probable collapse of building.

Any one who knows anything about dancing knows that the woman's part is absolute passivity; she has to follow the man's lead and be responsive to his lightest touch. I wonder if that new species of being, the woman militant, ever considers the domineering sex around the floor never daring to call a movement on a step her own,—when, at the close of the dance, all but the most expert of us are inwardly exulting and sighing with relief that we not once committed the grave

(Continued to Page 16)

INCIPIENT GENIUS?

A Star

If only a little star would shine
A star with twinkling light
That glittering in the heaven above
Shines both day and night.

But heaven for me would be too grand
For I am but a child
That wandering thru this world of toil
Cannot see the light of heaven.
Brooks Johnson—5 years.

Ode On the Sale of a Favorite Cow

Today Mama sold our good cow, Felts,
The finest in the lan';
A hundred and fifteen was the price,
"Can't see it" sez the man.
I nearly tore that money up
A taking 'way my dear
And I won't get no more
Good sweet milk, I fear.

Ruth Linney,
December 31, 1917.

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Written by a girl 12 yrs. of age.

(Read them! ! !)
and see for
yourself.

The Rose

"Oh! Rose so fair,"
Said the bumblebee
"Have you any honey to spare?"
Yes, see! see!
All is for thee.

Some people think I like to stick them
But really its only my thorns that prick them.
I was made with thorns, you see,
And I cannot change them, friend bumblebee."

Julia Blauvelt, 10 years.

Little Dutch Peter
Sat on a teeter
Eating his bread and meat;
Up came a big bear
And frightened him there,
And Peter jumped up on his feet.
(Parody composed orally at somewhere
around 3 or 4 years.)

Kate Hall.

Spring Melody

Tread softly! The world is a baby asleep. See, the leaf buds are its tiny curled-up fingers, and the downy furze is the new and fragrant hair—silky, tenderly to be caressed. And listen! The wind is a lullaby.

My sorrow is a weight—a stone on a mountain-side. But a tiny waterfall drips from it continually, showering silver ecstasies. The stone stirs not from its leaden nest, but its edges are worn smooth with a trickle that is a soothing melody—

Molly Hall '28.

INEVITABLE

(Continued from Page 10)

longer and had a way of turning up unexpectedly at the end. Her Mother's hair was dark like her own; the same fair skin was theirs and soft well-rounded arms, And yet, (she studied her mother's hand) they would never know each other at all. She looked up from the rather fat, worn fingers to find the grey eyes upon her, and suddenly she was afraid. They were so very near. Could her Mother know—? She looked into the grey eyes. No physical proximity furnished mutual understanding by which her own thoughts could be given to her Mother.

"What are you thinking about so hard, Anne?"

"How good it is to be here this morning."

"You don't say much. You've got a mighty poor way of showing it, I think."

"I'm sorry Mother I—I was just thinking."

"Anne, I do wish you'd be more like other girls around here. None of them would just sit there, and go walking by their-selves at night."

"Maybe I'm unsocial. The doctor at the Infirmary told me that—said I enjoyed my own company too much." She spoke lightly and laughed.

"Why Anne!" She was ashamed of her. After a moment of silence. "No, I can't imagine Hazel going walking by herself." She laughed shortly. Just the day before in a moment of loneliness and longing for companionship, she had told Hazel of the sadness in this homecoming,—the change, and Hazel, one of those who always understands everything, had remarked sympathetically, "Yes, of course it's different with the house remodeled, but I think it's so cute Anne!"

"You worry me to death, Anne," the Mother continued. "I found a poem you wrote here last summer, and it sounded like somebody old and sad. You haven't got anything to make you unhappy. You're just silly. What in the world makes you like this?"

"Let's not talk of it Mother. There goes the door-

One Day

I know exactly the day that I grew up,—not the year or how old I was. I only remember the day, and am as conscious of it as if it were part of the present hour. Blue sky, sunshine, and new green grass, and a hyacinth. I know now how to paint that sky, that sunshine, that grass in pictured language. But that day I looked at the flower and knew that it was not beautiful! Not nearly so lovely as the Wild Rose. The Wild Rose with its thorns. The Wild Rose with no perfume. The simple, half blushing, Wild Rose—Then I stepped over the threshold of childhood.

Nancy Little '27.

bell. I do hope it's my special." Mrs. Morris answered the bell, and Anne ate toast and thought of the futility, the hopelessness of trying to tell people what they don't already know. The Mother returned. "You got two. One of them's from Henry. I don't know who this is from."

The unknown letter was short and Anne's face lighted up as she read it. "Oh its from Elinor Baker, the negro girl I met at the conference, Mother!"

"A Negro girl?"

"Yes, don't you remember—oh, of course I'd forgotten you didn't meet her. Aunt Viola met her. We came back in the car with her."

"Yes, and Viola was insulted, too, because you introduced her to her. Why don't you be thoughtful? What does she want?"

"Well you know you're not going to see her. What would everybody think? I know more about negroes than you do, and I know what folks would think. On Sunday, too! I think she had a nerve to write to you."

"Why—why mother. I'm glad she did. I didn't dream she liked me so well, although I knew we had a lot in common and the foundation of a real friendship. You know—why—you I've got to meet her, Mother. What would she think?"

"I don't care what she'd think."

"Well, I'm sorry you feel this way mother, but—well, I couldn't do a friend like that."

"A friend? Anne, what makes you do like this? What makes you like that negro girl? Hazel wouldn't ever—"

"I like her because—well, I haven't ever analysed my feeling for her. You don't know why you love me do you?"

"That's different. She's a negro."

"Well, I've got to go meet her." Mrs. Morris wrung her hands, and pulled down the kitchen windows to keep Mrs. Blane from hearing. Anne continued. "We can go to the Y. club room, I reckon. I know she

would never have written if she had known how things would be, but then she expected to meet me at the "Y" anyway."

Mrs. Morris ignored her completely. She washed the dishes. Anne looked at her back and wondered if she were crying. What was there to do? Elinor trusted her, and would be waiting. Her Mother was giving her whole life for her. Was it right to hurt her this way?

"Mother, it's—not that I don't love you, and—am ungrateful."

"You'd better hurry if you're so set on meeting her."

The day was lonely for Mrs. Morris. She had planned to spend it with her mother and sisters, but she could not go without Anne. They would blame her for all this. She washed her hair and sat on the back steps and cried softly to herself. If Anne's father had lived—

For Anne that day would have been beautiful if her mother had understood. She came home in the dusk—filled with the beauty of the new friendship, their mutual ideals and problems. She turned at the familiar corner, under the maples the old pain in her heart suddenly, and the sound of the Letany. She walked home slowly and sat on the front steps and cried.

Her mother came out, "What's the matter, Anne?" Thought you were going to have a good time today." She stood up quickly, her face white. She hurried down the steps, across the grass. A little gust of April wind flung itself against her, whipped her full white skirt in folds, blew her short hair back, played through her fingers as she stood motionless, arms wide open to hold the blue loveliness of the night. Her mother was sure she heard her laugh—a gay, singing laugh quickly gone—as she flung her arms about the straight dark pine, her face to the stars that danced above the silent hills.

To A Dancer

Morning Mood

Slender, delicate grass in motion
Slim, fresh, and graceful
In the pale glow of morning sun,
Weaves faint tracteries of dance
In swaying with the winds.

Kate C. Hall '26.

Epigrams

Blanche Armfield '27

To be tolerant is easy; to be tolerant towards intolerance is well nigh impossible.

An impractical man is one who has advanced beyond his generation.

Those who see much comedy in life have felt much tragedy.

It is difficult to believe in a God; it is impossible not to believe in one.

All men desire happiness. Good and evil arise from mistaken ideas as to the best means of procuring happiness.

Theory precedes practice and lags behind it.

Only the great have a right to be personal.

Whimsy

Cock o' the walk,
You took my heart
And made a red balloon
With which you played
A whole gay night
Beneath a gay, mad moon.
You tossed it high
And laughed to see
Each time it floated down,
But ah! when night
Gave place to dawn
You pricked it with a frown.

Kate C. Hall '26.

"DON QUIXOTE" AND LIFE

(Continued from Page 4)

the duke making sport of him, and see that he suspects the duke of that mockery. He grows pathetic when he grows shaky in his egoism, for if egoism is not absolute, it is nothing. We are shamed with him, and like him, resent the treatment of the duke, whose actions seem more like "flaunts and jeers than a civil welcome to strangers." When he looks at statues and sighs, "Alas, they were real saints and knights; I am but a man," we too, feel hurt. When soldiers come upon him without his weapons, we too are shamed. Truly the catharsis is effected, in this fall of a man from his high illusion to his low estate.

He falls back upon common sense after his defeat by Sampson Carrasco. "Every man is the maker of his fortune and I of mine. I had no discretion. All my presumptuous edifice tumbled down at once. Rozinante was weak, too weak and feeble to withstand the Knight of the White Moon's huge and strongbuilt horse. I would needs adventure, and I was overcome." He becomes completely disillusioned and says, "I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat." And though we may recognize that one must consider the facts of life, we are saddened that a strong ego should have to yield thus to life's impertinencies.

And yet, the book remains great because it throws no infamous reflection upon life. It is much that mankind can produce a Don Quixote who is not,

"Too fearful or too fond to play alone."

It is much that out of the ranks of men, concerned mostly with the great question of bread and meat, a Shelley, with no saving sense of expediency or necessity to compromise with things as they are, can appear. It is much that one with imagination to conceive and courage to attempt, can arise.

The book is great because it is a synthesis of human wisdom. In Don Quixote, we have the claims of high ideals which break down under pressure of obstinate realities; in Sancho Panzo, the empirical, traditional, groping, superstitious wisdom—the common-sense, if you please, of the centuries. To both is given the reply to Horatio,

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

ON THE DANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

and unpardonable error of doing a step before, or other than, our partner's? Is it not an interesting point of speculation?

Our observations would lead us to note the fact that events in the world move in a circle. For have we not returned to the day when we see people of all ages, only slightly more restricted in their movements by the confines of clothing than the savage, performing all manner of strange gyrations upon the floor in accompaniment to the weird, compelling, blood-quickenning music—not of the savage tom-tom—but of the modern saxophone and several drums?

A large group of people representing the entire range of American life today, consider dancing one of the most enjoyable as well as one of the most healthful recreations offered an individual; my own opinion is that those people who condemn it, finally, as an immoral practice are those who see, and can make, harm in anything.

As Sir John Dacres in his poem, the, "Orchestra," which illustrates the origin and importance of dancing, tracing in it all the nations of nature, says:
"For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the ayre in sundry kinds."

DISTURBING FEATURE OF A PLEASANT ILLNESS

(Continued from Page 8)

bed seems to have been sown with dragons teeth. There are always more. You repeat your gymnastics until your jangling nerves assert themselves.

Your visitors become more timid and less frequent. You become violent when asked if your head aches. Paradise is indeed ultimately lost. You are increasingly profane.

"When in the hell can I get up?" you shout.

And your family feelingly answers in concert,
"Now!"

Intangibility

We seem to walk together in the Elysian fields
Each soul made
Of unquiet shade.
We talk overmuch,
But we cannot touch
Each other; our words clank like iron shields.

Blanche Armfield '27.

A Picture

Calm brow—unclouded, save by hair
That falls from heaps of shaded gold,
A pair of sweetly serious eyes,
Beneath—, a mouth of drooping mould

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